

# *violet* &

number 1

fanzine

riot girl

loralogic

crime is beauty

cartoons

sex

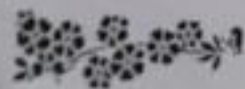
daisies





hiya.

this issue of Violet is a bit (very) late in coming out due to complete and utter lazyness on my part but also freaky stuff has been happening to me + I was scared that if I did the zine it would just be a total bitchy lump of hatred and paranoid shite ~ so, inner tranquility equals another issue. Um, I get the feeling this zine is different from the other Violets, there is less about Riot qrrrl in it than usual. I guess that's because I've been so into my band rather than writing so less of that kinda thing has been in my head, but so what. I think there's more personal stuff too, I hope that doesn't come across as egotistical, it's just what I've been thinking about the most, y'know, relationships + stuff. anyway. enjoy.



LULVM



# RANTS IN YOUR PANTS

I'm sorry to harp on so much about riot grrrl but there's some stuff I have to talk about. I feel like I have less of a right to talk about riot grrrl just now than I did a while ago just because I havn't written to anyone for a while and havn't sent off for many fanzines and stuff. Is it me being a lazy git or are less people putting out zines? Are things grinding to a halt? I think I don't really fit in that well anymore anyway, it seems some people really really hate me for slagging off Chris from Huggy Bear and Skinned Teen, not even really slagging them off - just saying that I personally did not like something they did. For FUCK SAKE, why should I have to like them - they live in London and have a nice little clique with tons of zines which tell them how ace they are - I live in a small village in Scotland and listen to Gary Numan! I see this whole scene down south that I just don't want to be a part of at all - of course there are some brilliant people like the people who do GIRLFRENZY, Chris and Loretta who do PIAO! which LUNG LEG <sup>(the band)</sup> have a single on and a few others but for the most part it seems like TOW THE RIOT GRRRL LINE or your OUT. Fucksake - I went to London to see my friends bands LUNG LEG and POLICE CAT play at the Laurel Tree and just about everyone left after Police Cat. Police Cat had had a good write up in the music press by this time so obviously all these cool hip underground scenesters are just shits who believe the kak the Melody Maker says and didn't bother to stay for Lung Leg which are one of the only female bands in Britain doing really brilliant original stuff. It makes me feel frustrated when I hear some new band that



just sound like another 'riot grrrl' band. I'd be really impressed if Skinned Teen sounded like Suicide - there was just two of them and they used the cheapest cheesiest keyboards ever but still sound so sexy and scary and fresh while Skinned Teen nip my head. I feel so want bad because Layla is this really nice but it's time <sup>record</sup> for some honesty in this scene and if I'm the only person prepared to stand up also <sup>easy</sup> Japanese couldn't play + stuff + they are AMAZING!!



George are pish!' than that is very very sad indeed. But at the same time as I say this, it doesn't bother me at all cuz I know I will always call myself a riot grrrl regardless to what anyone else does or if my tastes in music change and I end up playing in a string quartet. It's the same with queercore, thank fuck I'm not gay cuz if I was I would have a hard time finding 'queer core' bands I liked. I think we just have to get out of this idea that riot grrrl music should sound PUNK or ALTERNATIVE or INDEPENDANT cuz these 'genres' are pretty much redundant in my eyes.

Bikini Kill are one of my favourite bands of all time but I know they are just 3 chord punk rock and it is the emotion that makes them amazing - I don't want to make music like Bikini Kill. I just feel like emotion through lyrics or someones voice is not for me - it has been done so much and it is a real challenge to convey feeling through music alone (though Heavens to Betsy I love). Why is having a sense of humour so reviered too? Humour is good for a band but I admire bands with no ~~sense~~ (or at least a warped) sense of humour. The fact that Black Sabbath are deadly serious is what makes them brilliant! Maybe some people are scared of being called pretentious if they



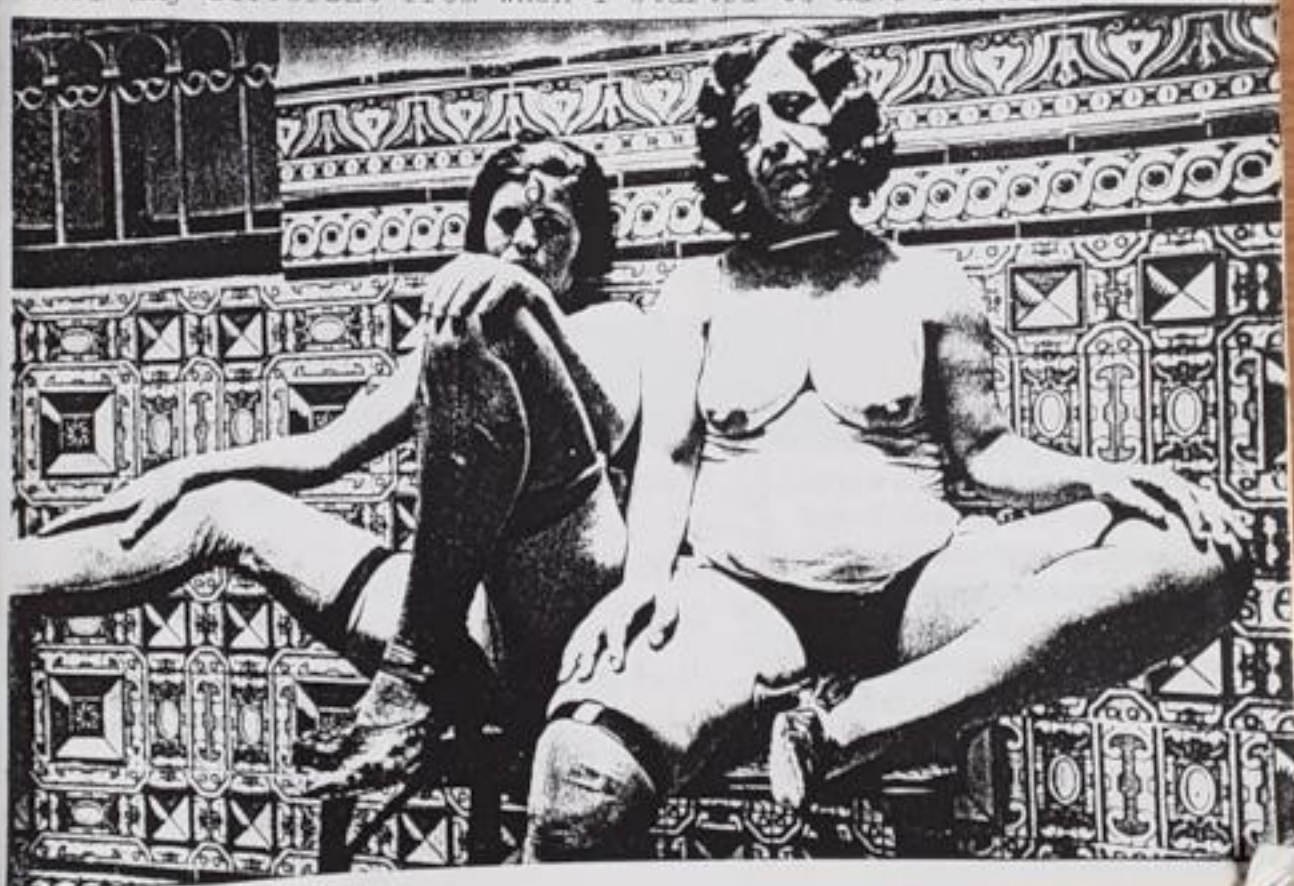
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admit that they are being deady serious - I think I would have more respect for Huggy Bear if, when everyone accused them of being pofaced they got even more extreme and uncompromising, instead they tried to prove they had a sense of humour.

I've been reading Men In Love and it's made me think alot about sex. I am completely and utterly confused by sex, it's just this huge big blob and I can't figure it out at all. I feel a bit wary, but at the same time am totally in awe of people who have worked out to a pin point what turns them on. How can they be so sophisticated? Fabby is so good at masturbating that she managed to get a band 1 A for History higher because she wanked while she studied! To be a foot fetishist or transvestite or into getting pissed on by 10 year old boys must mean you have a clear idea of what you are into - I don't know at all and it worries me a bit. I don't think I'm either dominant or submissive - but I guess if your having really brilliant sex you do slip into these roles but they switch round all the time - oh, I dunno. I know I sometimes feel a bit guilty if I find things that your SUPPOSED to think are sexy, sexy - like that song Warm Leatherette by The Normal - it is so obviously supposed to be a creepy, sexy song - and I do think it's creepy and sexy. Or big tits - I like them, and older men - I like that too! I feel so uncool cuz I fall for all these cheesy things. I don't feel any different from when I started to have sex either -



that  
kill



arn't you supposed to get better at sex as you get  
 older and learn stuff? I don't feel like I've  
 learned anything! I now know what I really object  
 to though just out of stupid trial + error. I know  
 for sure that I never want to be with a person,  
 as far as 'long term' relationships go; who is  
 wanking over someone else the whole time. I was dumb  
 enough to stick w/ a guy told me how fat and dumpy I  
 was all the time. He never said anything about my  
 body except what a short, fat sexless girl I was  
 and like a fucking idiot I put up with it because  
 I thought he loved me and when he said these  
 things he would always make out he was into me -  
 it turned out he was fucking someone else so  
 I was left with being an unattractive blob BUT  
 I hope I don't come across like I really care + it eats at my  
 brain or anything. It completely hurted at the time but I don't  
 care. The very thought of being with someone who  
 when you are fucking is looking at you and  
 thinking of someone else makes me feel sad. Christ,  
 having sex with someone lets you find out so  
 much more about them - it's an HONOUR to fuck someone and see  
 them be so completely vulnerable! At  
 the same time as not understanding  
 sex, I'm a total wimp and always  
 seem to fuck myself up over it - my  
 life would be simple if I never  
 had sex with anyone - its not even as  
 if it rules my life or anything - I crave  
 love much more than just sex but it  
 still seems like it is the major thing  
 that nips my head. I think I would rather have a really  
 intimate loving relationship rather than just a fuck. Maybe  
 it is even for the best that love + sex are



Eroticism is the  
 pornography of  
 the rich.



# ☆HEY GIRLFRIEND☆

I'm setting up a contact service for  
 grrrls everywhere. This is a great  
 way to make new girl friends and  
 spread the pro-girl vibe! If you want  
 yrself, yr band, yr zine or whatever  
 to be included on this list, please  
 write to me with yr name, address  
 and something that you would like  
 to represent you. Write to: Angel, 132  
 George St, Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, LN12  
 2BT. Please Send a Stamp.

kept separate? But for me -  
 I think it would be nice  
 to look into someones  
 eyes + know for  
 sure that what they  
 see in me  
 is a fucking  
 Goddess. I'm not just some  
 shag-bag or substitute for what  
 they really want.

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 PEDDAYIN Pale

The French writer JEAN GENET had a very interesting philosophy, he believed among other things that hate and betrayal are just as beautiful and valid emotions as love, that modern society is a festering lie;- the only escape from it being unlawfulness and general badness and best of all CRIME ENHANCES BEAUTY!

One becomes beautiful through acts of violence, deviance and random hate becoming gorgeous both inner and outer through the most supreme acts - murder, rape and having gay sex.

THIS IS THE QUESTION ? DOES CRIME ENHANCE BEAUTY?  
HERE IS THE EVIDENCE :-



GENET himself - born to a whore in 1910, first conviction at 15, deserted the foreign legion, worked as a male prostitute and thief. When imprisoned in 1942 he started to write. He managed to get out of serving a ten year sentence for repeated theft and burglary a second time because Sartre and Cocteau kicked up a fuss cuz they liked his books. Later in life he was involved with the BLACK PANTHERS and PEDDAYIN Palestine guerrillas.





LESLIE VAN HOUTEN - 20 year old member of the Manson family  
Directly involved in the Tate/LaBiana murders in 1969

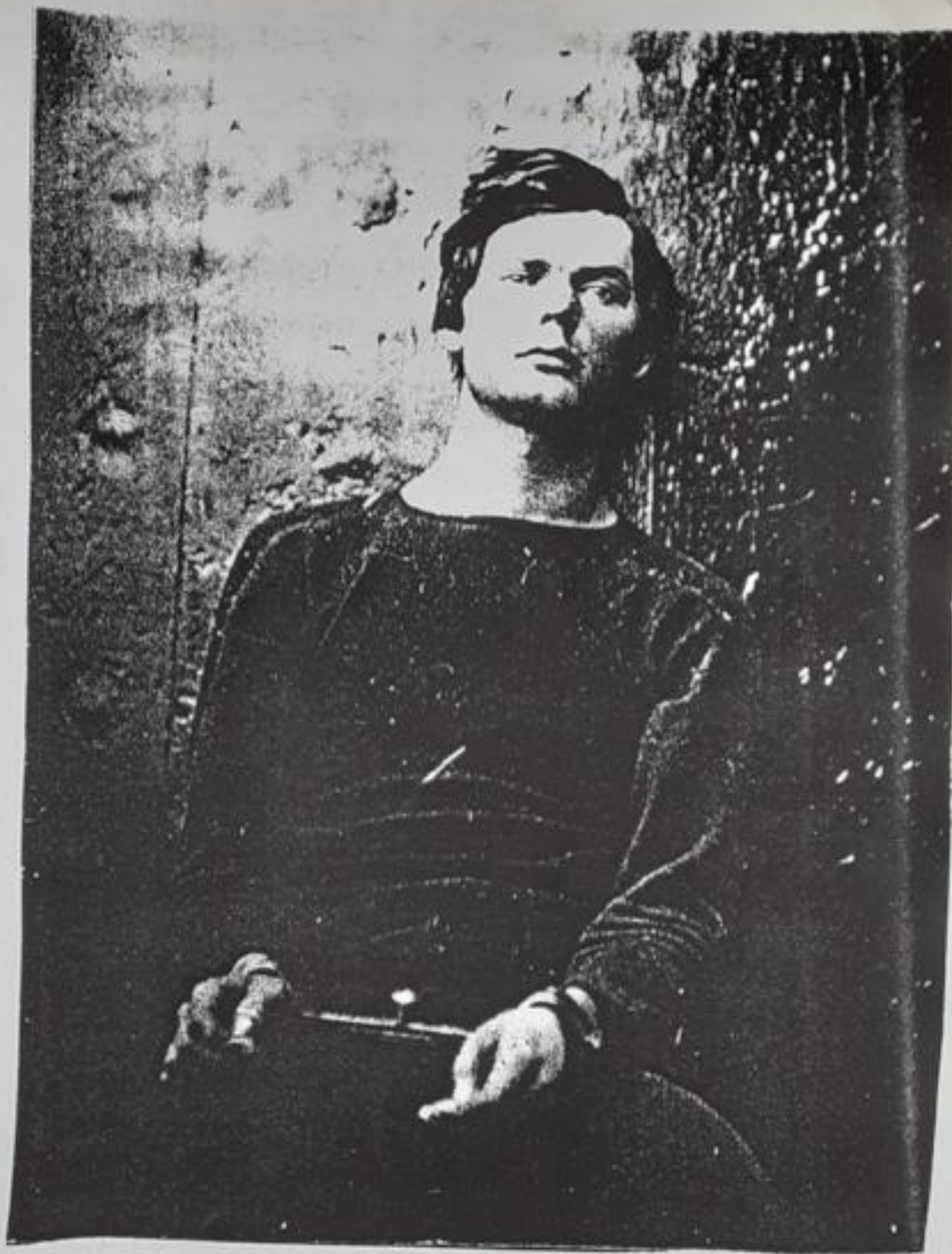


LEWIS PAYNE  
In 1865. He





son family



LEWIS PAYNE - involved in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in 1865. He was hanged the day after the picture was taken.





FLORENCE REY - smart 19 year old student who with her mild mannered boyfriend on the 4th of October 1994 killed a taxi driver and 2 cops . No-one knows why yet.

## ⌘ LORA LOGIC

Lora Logic is the punk rock. She plays band ESSENTIAL LOGIC and had a hand in Red Crayola and X. She was born to Susan Whithy, she school and wore a she was about 15 or Poly, an overweight braces started the speX. Lora ran away gigs and perform on Oh bondage, up your was kicked out the why, maybe Poly Sty and Lora was too much back to her parents only to reemerge in Logic. Lora record with Essential Logic stuff in the early with Poly and Palmo puts all of her energy we'll probably never

Of the 6 singles in one case Virgin, four chaotic songs w abuse and amuse you. sax, ebb and flow gu theatrical and ultim One of my favourite to sit in front of a on WAKE UP and size a to comfort my mouth t words she sings. Lora world record for twis out of shape. When sh "eagle bird, a bird o becomes "Fe-gal-bur-a -of-pre-ey!" and "Eag alone" turns into "uh hur-a-low-oo-oo!".

## ⌘ LORA LOG



## ☛ LORA LOGIC ☛ LORA LOGIC ☛

Lora Logic is the crowned queen of post punk rock. She played saxophone in her band ESSENTIAL LOGIC, both alto and tenor, and had a hand in the Slits, Raincoats, Red Crayola and Xray speX.

She was born to middle class parents as Susan Whitby, she attended private school and wore a pink uniform. When she was about 15 or 16 she and her pal Poly, an overweight asian girl with braces started their band, the Xray speX. Lora ran away from home to play gigs and perform on their first single Oh bondage, up yours! After this she was kicked out the band, I'm not sure why, maybe Poly Styrene wanted the limelight and Lora was too much of a star? So, she went back to her parents and her pink uniform only to reemerge in 1979 with Essential Logic. Lora recorded an album and 6 singles with Essential Logic before doing 'solo' stuff in the early 80's. These days, along with Poly and Palmolive from the Raincoats, she puts all of her energy into some obscure eastern religion and we'll probably never hear from her again.

Of the 6 singles Essential Logic put out, on Rough Trade and in one case Virgin, WAKE UP is the best of all. It contains four chaotic songs which confuse, abuse and amuse you. Screechy sax, ebb and flow guitar, totally theatrical and ultimately operatic! One of my favourite pastimes is to sit in front of a mirror, stick on WAKE UP and mime along trying to contort my mouth to fit the words she sings. Lora must hold the world record for twisting words out of shape. When she warbles, "eagle bird, a bird of prey" becomes "Fe-gal-bur-a-ur-a-a-bu-urd-of-pre-ey!" and "Basically we're alone" turns into "uh-bay-sa-klee-cu-ur-a-low-coown-oo!".

☛ LORA LOGIC ☛





# LORA LOGIC

# LORA LOGIC

For me she is what I ultimately want to be and do - a young woman making fucking amazing music, totally in control and completely original. She didn't have to fight to be heard as being involved in the London post punk scene she was surrounded by equally original and hardworking and gutsy young women - Kleenex, Delta 5, the Raincoats, Slits, Honey Baine of Grass and the Palat Microbes to name a few.

Fuck, she was 16 years old! She is my role model much more than other girls around my age making music - who is there? You've either got SHAMPOO on one end of the scale acting as if being 19 actually means you have the mental age of 12 or SKINNED TEEN on the other making music which is totally valid but ultimately says that 16 year old girls make playground music and can't master anything more demanding than a recorder. Lora is primal - her music comes from deep inside! - when was compared to Captain Beefheart, she asked 'Who's Captain Beefheart?'. It's time for Riot Grrrl bands to look further than Huggy Bear and Bikini Kill and Pussycat Trash for inspiration - there is a whole fucking world of brilliant female bands from the late 70's and early 80's that have so much more to offer than Bratmobile or Linus. Pick up saxophones or clarinets or theramins or drum machines ANYTHING - if one record comes out of this Riot Grrrl thing which is as beautiful, original, exciting fresh and scary as 'Quality Crayon Wax OK' by Lora Logic then we have done something amazing.

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LORA LOGIC

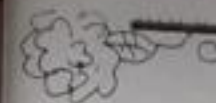
LORA LOGIC

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LORA LOGIC



♥ daydream situation  
number 1 - .

Me and the guy from  
Sparks (circa 74) are  
having a huge fist  
fight - blood, teeth  
breaking, insults  
flying - over something  
or other and I'm  
winning. We act like  
we want to kill each  
other but it is really  
just elaborate fore-  
play. Hehe.

The experience is  
enhanced by a bottle  
of Casa Barco from  
Safeway and 50 magic  
mushies each and the  
Butthole Surfers on  
a really good stereo  
with about 9 speakers  
placed around the  
Mitchel Library -  
which is where we are  
incidentally.

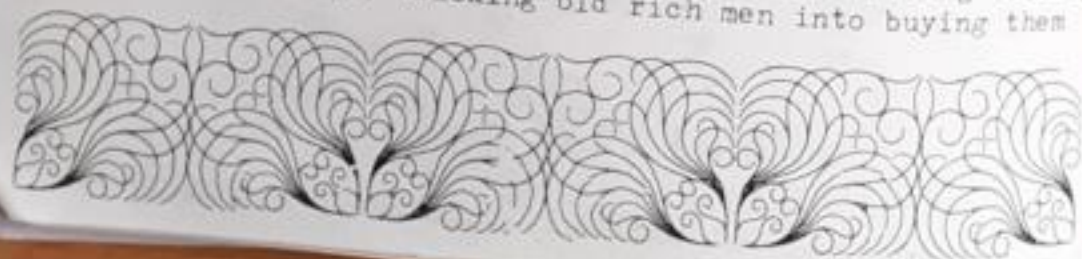
A good time is had  
by all, especially  
me. ♥





Jirinko and Jarmilla have made a discovery. They have realised that the whole world has been spoiled so decide that they will be spoiled too. Jirinko and Jarmilla (also known as Marcella, Julie, Marie and various other names which they go under) are the heroines of Vera Chytilova's film DAISIES made in 1966. Vera Chytilova was part of the new wave in Czech cinema which was really big in the sixties until it was victim along with everything else in Czechoslovakia to the invading Soviet Union in 1968.

Although there is an underlying political theme in the film, with the two girls allagorically representing fascism, DAISIES is basically the surreal story of two bratty sisters creating havoc and generally being BAD KIDS. In their cute little dresses and drinking pints of beer through straws they look more like 1986 indie-poppers than anything else; throughout the film their main daily lives seem to consist of eating (real food and pictures of food out of magazines), lying around at home wasting heating, water and electricity, tricking old rich men into buying them



# DAISIES

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of a Pica  
make you  
are played  
profession  
actresses  
Karbanova  
Jitka Cern  
they're ac  
you could  
imagine so  
hollywood  
being able  
the parts o  
The girls a  
riot grrrrls  
but they do  
a total bas  
mentality I  
I think you  
like it too so  
daises - if y



dinner and stacking them on trains when they expect something in return, seducing sensitive young men and breaking their hearts, sun bathing, fighting, and getting kicked out of fancy bars for causing drunken fights. The film climaxes with Jirinko and Jarmilla ruining a banquet in what I presume is a hotel, they start with eating and drinking the expensive cakes and booz, having a food fight, a fashion parade on the windows table with the curtains ripped of the and end by swinging on the chandelier. I won't tell you the very end as it'll spoil it for you but it is dedicated Vera to all victims of war.

Even if the story had been crap I would have loved this as it looks and sounds great. At the start, when they the girls sound like squeaky hinges, slapstic but better and all the colours movie are gorgeous. Sometimes in black white, sometimes red or blue or green or yellow when they get drunk the colours go red and green so I feel like putting on 3d specks - if I did they would probably make the



# DAISIES!

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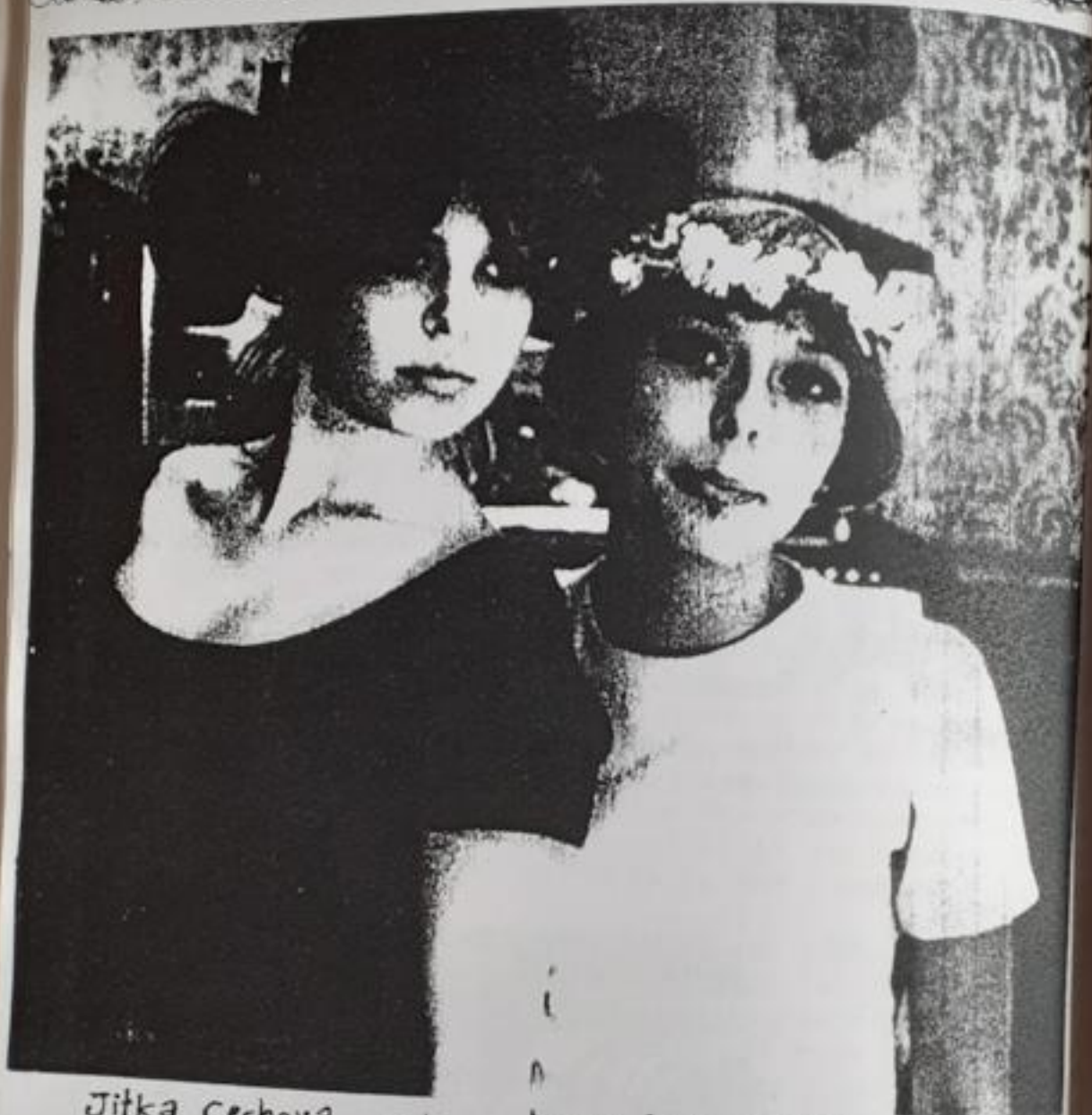
the film.  
DAISIES  
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the dresses  
e like  
lm their  
and pictures  
heating,  
g them

girls jump out the telly and raid my kitchen telling me to 'oomjay, oomjay, oomjay!' (die, die, die!) in the sweetest of voices and a bat of a false eye-lash. The nearest thing I can compare the scene where the girls cut each other up with scissors is a moving, teenage, film version of a Picasso or Braque painting when they were cubists - it'll make you cross your eyes and your head explode! The two sisters are played by non-professional actresses Ivana Karbanova and Jitka Cerhova and they're ace - you could never imagine some hollywood type being able to pull the parts off. The girls aren't riot grrrls at all but they do have a total bastard mentality I like - I think you'll like it too so see



daisies - if you have to steal it, kill for it or go to Czechoslovakia!! (cover leaf is a daisies poster for you to put on your wall) - A





Jitka Cerhova

and

Ivana Karbanova

daisies

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and I th  
can see  
yeeha!!

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is back  
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house and  
her baby  
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parents to

I have horrible dreams about my father. The worst ones I had recently were really scary, this is them :-

Dream 1, my dad and I are having a fist fight, he grabs me and sticks a noose around my neck though I fight it. We are in our bathroom and the toilet has grown into a well with bricks and everything - dad shoves me into it and I feel my neck hurting as he has hold of the end of the ropw and is pulling on it. I splash around and I can feel myself choking and my face all hot. BUT I don't die and my dad gets really angry and pulls me out of the toilet only to cut my head off with an axe! I have no head but I am still alive and I can see, like I had a ghost inside me and am seeing through it even though I am not dead (?). I look into the well and I can see my head with the noose around it floating around - my face is purple and has a scream on it. I have long brown hair again for some reason too. I realise I am going to die as I feel my body getting slightly slower, as if I have a motor which is running down. In panic I realise I must tell my family and friends that I love them in case they never knew so say 'Dad, I love you' and he just looks confused and I remember I have no head and all that is happening is that I am making wheezing noises and my gullet is opening and closing though my ghost head is talking to him. Giving up I remember I don't want anyone reading my diary after I am dead so race up to my bedroom and try to swallow the key to it but yet again I can't cuz I'm headless and have no mouth to swallow so chuck it out the window. Then my body is getting really fuzzy and slow and I think 'yes, yes, this is what it feels like to die, I can see all my pals who are dead soon if there is an afterlife, yeeha!!' and I die and wake up.

Dream 2, I walk downstairs and my dad is in the kitchen with my mum. He is grating the face off a naked baby and my mum is just standing there completely in shock, shivering, there is blood all over the kitchen table. I realise my dad has gone mad and run outside. The garage that collapsed when I hwas about 10 is back up and I peek inside. There are about a dozen dead, naked teenage girls with their hands and feet cut off - they look a bit like shop dummies but all blood. I see my mum and dad come out our house and get into our car with lots of bags - they are on the run. My dad looks completely evil and my mum is clearly in shock and scared of my dad. I am upset, I go into the house and the news is on t.v - a woman is pleading that she wants her baby back and whoever took it should contact her to let her know it is alive. I feel really sorry for her so dob in my parents to the police. I wake up.



# ANNIE SPRINKLE POST-POST-PORN-MODERNIST

One of the highlights of the Bad Girls season was a rare British appearance by erstwhile porno icon Annie Sprinkle. Ms. Sprinkle hasn't reneged her sleazy past to the extent of someone like Linda Lovelace but nevertheless seems to have encountered her fair share of greasy scumbags in the sordid world of seventies scuzz. This appears to be the basis for the part of her show entitled "100 Worst Blowjob", which is pretty traumatic stuff.

Most of Annie's demeanour in this early part of the performance is derived from the (stereo)typical female Seventies porno persona. As rendered by Ms. Sprinkle this is somewhat reminiscent of the (cinematic) behaviour of, say, Jayne Mansfield, i.e. constant giggling, feigned stupidity, hyper-enthusiasm. If this is the kind of humiliation Ms. Sprinkle had to undergo in approximately 200 of these things (such as WET XMAS, TEENAGE, DEVIANT and SLIPPERY WHEN WET) it's no wonder she'd had enough.

Like many other women who work in this (sometimes dangerous) business, Ms. Sprinkle has taken greater artistic and financial control of the more recent films she has been involved in. IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE is available on VHS video and is (with the exception of the opening sequence which spoils the kind of film Annie was making in the Seventies) free of the sleazy and somewhat misogynistic veneer that permeates much of this material. She has also made appearances in such underground epics as renegade Cinema of Transgression founder Nick (WHORGASM) Zedd's apparently incomprehensible WAR IS MENSTRUAL ENVY. She also appears in MY FATHER IS COMING by German film-maker Monika Treut, whose short film MAX was shown during Bad Girls.

In WAR IS MENSTRUAL ENVY Annie adopts her Anya persona. Anya forms the basis of the last and perhaps most interesting part of the performance. We are informed that whereas "Annie Sprinkle loves everybody, Anya loves herself". This can be perceived as not arrogant narcissism but rather an understandable psychological defence against the pressures and unpleasantnesses of contemporary society.

Ms. Sprinkle, no matter what you may think about certain aspects of her past professional life (apparently her autobiography is banned in Britain!!) is a most interesting exemplar of the fact that an individual, male or female, can take control of their own lives.



supremes → eternal/en Vogue/SWV } "Rock Livin'age"  
 hängilas → RIOT GKRL!!

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# LUNG LEG



See her try to scratch yr  
eyes out on the cover  
of EVOL by Sonic Youth.

See her kill her family  
in YOU KILLED ME FIRST.

See her writhe around  
in a devil dress with  
a black dagger in  
SUBMIT TO ME NOW.

See her being beaten  
while on acid by  
Marty Nation in  
Fingered.

See her laughing at  
hippies in death  
Valley 69.

See where she hides  
her switchblade in  
SUBMIT TO ME.

I can't say it was love  
at first sight, I can't  
even say it is love-  
all I know is that  
when Lung Leg is

strapped to a chair with her pet lizards crawling all over  
her skinny body in Richard Kern's SUBMIT TO ME NOW it  
makes me want to throw up with lust + desire. I've never  
felt this way about a person I don't know. I don't even  
know if I want to fuck her but my bedroom is soon  
to be wallpapered with every photo/film still I can  
find. Literally overnight I have become obsessed.  
I dream about her. I crave more information about  
her. I have to see BLACK MONSTER. I ♥ LUNG LEG





go-go  
dancing  
with  
mimi ★





# REVIEWS



## ALL ABOUT CHAD - CHAD'S GOT AN EARRING

I can't review this impartially I'm afraid due to the letter that accompanied this single in the post. This record is on a small indie label called Oh! It's only pop music, ran I think by a guy called Dean Talent and it is this fellow that I got the single from on the recommendation of the girls from GRRRLS WORLD fanzine. I immediately disliked this label due to the note enclosed in the parcel, here are some extracts :-

"Being an exciting punk kid (meaning himself, Dean) means staying up all night and forgetting things (forgetting to wear trousers, how to smile, forgetting to never fall in love again. ...) It also means you make enemies ... (so be careful). The world is full of ugly people and you seem to have met most of them. Scary. Maybe you've just been unlucky, so take no chances - avoid boys FULL STOP (what? Girls aren't ever crap?) A pop single. Full of Boys with Guitars. But boys with guitars who come from Brooklyn New York so that's ok!!! American accents are the second most beautiful things in the world."

\*Bits I added in, not Dean.

He also bragged a bit about getting to play tambourine for Bratmobile - yawn yawn. Well, just cuz someone is part of the underground it doesn't make them beyond being a prick right? Despite the sadness of the letter I still managed to play the single. Ooo the beeyootiful american accents just make me swoon. Nah, actually the singer has an annoying prep-school voice and they sound a bit like a cross between They Might Be Giants and The Wonder Stuff. Dean was right - they are yer typical Boy With Guitars (sorry, American Bs W Gs), obviously can play a bit TOO well and generally middle of the road pap.

I usually have more sympathy for underground labels - Slampt and Chocolate Monk have both released some fuckin' brilliant tapes and at least the bands on them have a hint of individuality unlike Chad and his mates. I did this rotten review just to warn people - just cuz it's indie doesn't mean it's good. I'd think twice before parting with your £2.

R  
everybody  
are boll  
only rev  
In this  
UP - Brit  
the smoke  
tobacco  
yet gloss  
of journa  
from Razz  
on quality  
but this  
great art  
Sexy? whic  
To back up  
about all  
played by  
enhanced  
is Jodie  
which is  
where Post  
told she  
strange ch  
would have  
mostly pre  
brilliant  
times, so  
definetly  
one appear





# REVIEW

everybody knows that most fanzines are bollocks so I've decided to only review specialist magazines. In this issue I bring you LIGHTING UP - Britain's only magazine for the smoker. Free from most good tobaccoists LIGHTING UP is a small yet glossy magazine with the degree of journalism that you would expect from Razzle or Asian Babes. Article on quality cigars are a bit boring but this issue (number 2) has a great article entitled Is smoking Sexy? which of course claims YES. To back up this claim they talk about all the sexy film parts played by women which have been enhanced by fags - the main example is Jodie Foster in The Accused (which is on the cover) - a film where Foster is brutally raped then told she 'asked for it' - hrm, strange choice, not the example I would have used. Lighting up is mostly pretty dull but it has this brilliant picture in it, several times, so I like it and will definitely get the next issue (if one appears that is).





Kle  
have  
dinner



a food



THIS ISSUE PRODUCED UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF



throbbing gristle suicide richard kern essential logicshanty, 135  
suckdog dame darcy lung leg reid faces gary numan can kleenex  
jean genet brookside pulp fiction daisies black sabbath nan auldin  
donna summer train spotting philip k dick gilbert and george  
bridget riley faster pussycat kill! Kill! John waters rollerderby  
snagglepuss the boredoms free kitten caged heat pecharnski take  
a hike the raincoats heino incredibly strange music vol 2  
my clarinet vogue the residents de sade sparks fishnet tights  
and the above sexy lady.



# Kleeneex

have their  
dinner

Lucy-oct 94



What shall we  
eat first? Regula?

hm, I dunno  
Kaudia!



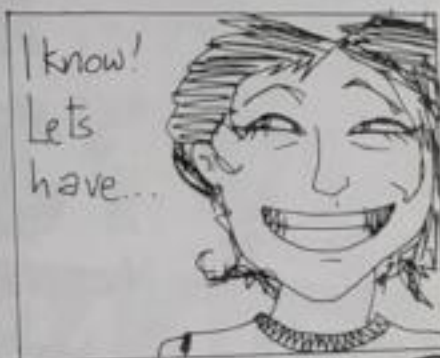
lets have the  
cake!!



No! girls! I  
say the  
ice-cream!



lets just  
eat it  
all at  
once!  
eek!



I know!  
Lets  
have...

## a food fight!



eek!

I have  
twisted  
my foot!



the  
end  
eek!

# PROSTITUTE CARDS

Highbrow art THEY ARN'Y but in my books they are ACE. The life of a prostitute is a hard one but I'm glad they are around for the simple reason that theycleave the most amazing adverts in phone boxes in London. I have become a bit obsessive about calling cards and now have a collection of over 100, they adorn my bedroom walls to my mums dismay but these bright squares of sheer tack to me are nothing but beautiful - I'm surprised some artwanker hasn't done something on the late show about them yet. Anyway, from my collection I bring you the cream for those who don't get down to London enough to getvany.

	1.1.11	0
Inverkip	0	
Wemyss Bay	0	
Bogston	0	
Cartsdyke	0	
Greenock Central	0	
Greenock West	0	
Fort Matilda	0	
Greenock Pier	0	

I think this  
job might be  
pretty good  
fun - dressing  
up fat old  
men!



James

 Bishan

**It's a  
Womans  
World**

Welcome To My  
T.V. WORLD of FANTASY  
Dress To Thrill  
No Rush No Hurry

**JOY**  
**071-373 1893**  
**SIZE 10 STILLETOES**

 Gourrock

193

4	
---	--

[illegible]

1

20

04

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12


100

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**Table 1**

—

1


1

1

1



Oooh! I'd Love Some  
**PINKY SPANKY**

734 8513

## New Young Naughty Miss LOCAL



2004	—	—	2104	—	—	2134
2008	—	—	—	—	—	2138
2011	2016	—	—	—	—	2141

2022									
025	2027	2051							
027	—	2053	—						
—	—	—	2059	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	2038	—	2104	—	—	2138	—	—

look at  
faces  
00994



Glasgow and Gourock to Dun

387-8416

NEW



CROSS DRESSING  
HEAVEN

730 3732

She broke free...



this ones  
bit tasteful  
but its saved  
by 'she broke  
free...Dungen'

DUNGEON

A FIRM HAND  
REQUIRED?

For New Young  
Naughty Miss



379 4155

Glasgow Central	d	19
Paisley Gilmour Street	d	19
Greenock Central	a	195
Gourock	a	200
Gourock Pier	a	201
Dunoon	a	20
Kilcreggan	a	-

she's  
pretty  
sexy!!

724 1957

FLAME  
NEEDS  
CANING!

look at their  
faces!  
ughh!

Gourock	a	201
Gourock Pier	a	202
Dunoon	a	20
Kilcreggan	a	-



Genuine 19 Year Old

Kilcreggan and

		L
Kilcreggan	d	-
Dunoon	d	06
Gourock Pier	a	07
Gourock	d	07
Greenock Central	a	07
Greenock Central	d	07
Paisley Gilmour Street	d	07
Glasgow Central	a	07

# NEW SUPER MEGA BOOBS

FROM THE  
MAURITIUS ISLANDS

**932 0999**

Open Late

Genuine 50dd



1310	1355	1410	1455	1510	1555	1610	1655	1710	1755	1810	1855
6	1326	1410	1426	1510	1526	1610	1626	1705	1705	1726	1826
2	1332	1415	1432	1515	1532	1615	1632	1715	1715	1732	1832
2	1352	1443	1452	1532	1552	1632	1652	1743	1743	1752	1852
3	1403	1458									

1850	1950
1910	2010
1915	2015
1925	2025
1929	2029
1957	2057
2012	2112

## NAUGHTY BOYS



**724 6783**

Kilcreggan	d	-	-	-
- this one's brilliant		0950	1050	1150
but a bit confusing -		010	1110	1210
is it for straight or		013	1113	1213
gay, male or female?		002	1112	1224
I need more information!		1029	1129	1229
		1057	1157	1257
Glasgow Central	a	1011	1111	1211
				1311



# Glas Spanking By Angry Miss

Glasgow Central	d	0555	—
Cardonald	d	—	—
Hillington East	d	—	—
Hillington West	d	0603	—
Paisley Gilmour Street	d	0607	—
Paisley St James	d	—	—
● Bishopston	d	0613	—
Langbank	d	—	—
Woodhall	d	—	—
Port Glasgow	d	0623	—
Whinhill	d	—	—
● Branchton	d	—	—
I.B.M.	d	—	—
● Inverkip	d	—	—
● Wemyss Bay	a	—	—

**383  
0721 LOCAL**



**IN A CLASS OF  
HER OWN  
LOVEY NEW NAUGHTY  
18 yr old  
SCHOOLGIRL  
379 4155  
LOCAL 0**

—	—	0725	—	—	0743	—	0759	—
—	—	0727	—	—	0745	—	0801	—
—	—	0729	—	—	0747	—	0803	—
7 0709	—	0731	0734	0734	0750	0754	0805	0807
—	—	0733	—	—	0752	—	0807	—
7 0718	—	—	—	0743	—	0803	—	0816
—	—	—	—	0745	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Hillington East	d	—	0744	—	—	0814
Hillington West	d	—	0746	—	0758	0816
Paisley Gilmour Street	d	—	0752	—	0802	0820
Paisley St James	d	—	0754	—	—	0822
● Bishopston	d	—	0800	—	0808	0828
—	—	—	—	—	—	0834
—	—	—	—	—	—	0838
—	—	—	—	—	0818	0841
—	—	—	—	—	0822	—
—	—	—	—	—	0827	—
—	—	—	—	—	0827	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	0843
—	—	—	—	—	—	0845
—	—	—	—	—	—	0847
—	—	—	—	—	—	0826
—	—	—	—	—	0850	08
—	—	—	—	—	0852	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	0835
—	—	—	—	—	—	08
Gourock Pier	a	0819	—	—	—	—
d	—	—	—	—	—	—
● Gourock	a	—	—	0841	—	08

the best prostitute  
card of all time—  
it would only be a  
let down if I called  
it but scary face  
plus sailor suit  
plus huge thighs  
plus prone guy  
equals  
**sexy**

## DIVINE DOMINATION



**387 8416**

# the day the world turned



## lesbo!



All good things enevitably come to an end and Hello Skinnys' drummer and good friend Fabby has moved to France for a year as part of her uni course. Fabby is my keyhole to the world of the Glasgow lesbo and now she has gone so has a big source of entertainment and amusement for me as her gossip about <sup>the</sup> married women with peeping tom husbands and foot long black dildos she gets involved with was always engaging. I would ~~hear~~ <sup>have</sup> about all the pubs and clubs she goes to to get a shneck and they all sounded kinda interesting so on the weekend before she left, me, Sunni, Fabby and on of her dyke pals hit the town for a gay Friday night.

Attire - Fabby - pinstripe trousers, wonderbra, tight tit top, big boots, lots of hair gel and tatoo on full view.

Lucy - slinky chinese dress, fishnets, wonderbra, wads of make-up and silver handbag.

Dyke Mate - jeans, hidious leather jacket w/ tassles, stripey shirt, doc shoes.

Sunni - hooded top, tennis skirt, glittery stockings, mohawk, big nazi leather coat.

The first place we went to was DELMONICAS - very expensive drinks, fucking shite music, sometimes a cheesy karaoke but lots of people. To loud to talk in this pub so sat and stared at people who I thought looked interesting (not many). Pretty boring really. Second place was a new bar near Queen street station. Walk in and am greeted by soft Cell (who I like alot) and two Kurt Cobain lookalikes shnecking. Things are looking up! Drinks expensive again but feel it is more worth it as we are served by a good looking waiter type bar man with a spacey head set on! We are sitting next to some scary gay neds in shell suits who have a poofy Smiths fan type sticking his tongue in their ears - this place is fucking excellent!! Spend the rest of the time there being a complete voyeur, I especially liked the slinky vampire lesbians undulating around and the dj all lit up playing the best in 80 synth pop - Duran Duran, Human League etc aswell as fairly good techno. I feel like I'm in the 80'S FUTURE and I love it. In the toilets are two girls shagging in the toilet, they came out all out of breath and chat to me about the



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club night DIVINE which they go to and I do to. They are very nice. We are having a great time but decide to move on to the CLOU EXCHANGE. We are disgusted at having to pay £4.80 <sup>£1.80 in</sup> Sunni and I grab as many of the free condoms and lubricants in tasteful baskets around the joint as we can. We had been told to expect guys on dog leashes and sexy trannies but on entering the place we could only see neddy clubbers in white jeans and baseball caps mixing to 'Saturday Night' and doing 'one potato, two potato' style dance moves. Wait around for an hour for something to happen and a good song to dance to. I request Boney M but bad chart techno is the only thing on the menu tonight. There are mirrors everywhere and loads and loads of single guys with creepy handle bar mustaches. I feel ill from boredom. See one solitary sad old tranny in a dirty wig at the bar. Main entertainment comes in the form of a guy dancing in front of me all night. He thinks he is a really sexy mover and gradually warms up to holding his crotch continually and taking his top off. He disappears for a bit only to reappear with a bald old man in a Hawaiian shirt who he leads onto the dancefloor and shows his tatoo to - it is on his penis - ug. Sunni and I dance to the remix of Atomic by Blondie and Fabby and her pal dance to everything. Sunni and I feel like crying from boredom and it's only 1.30am. I ask Fabby if we can go as Sunni has period pain and I don't feel well but Fabby wants to stay as she has her eye on somebody but we finally persuade her and she's non too happy.

So ends our evening and I had a pretty shite time cept for the BO's place which I will find out the name of and totally recomend to someone on the pull for a cute lezzi chic or just in the mood for some synth pop.





## Fabby moans about being gay alot

and being good friends we listen

After the initial few months of enthusiasm, I've now really become quite tired of the (gay) scene here in Glasgow. As regards pubs and clubs it's actually very male-orientated apart from the Women-only Karaoke Night at Delmonicas which doesn't exactly constitute an exciting night out.

Of course then there are the Lesbian Line discos which are even worse. These monthly excursions to Clyde Hall are guaranteed to send any depressive suicidal. Basically, if you aren't totally bosom buddies with one of the 'gang' then you spend most of the night sitting alone, no-one bothers themselves to talk to you.

I find that the lesbian scene here is on the whole quite obsessed with participation in cliques. Dare incur the wrath of one dyke and you find yourself blacklisted and ignored by half the lesbian population in Glasgow. Not forgetting that ANYTHING you say or do will be known to EVERYONE by the day after tomorrow. Just dare split up with your girlfriend - everyone will know, and some dykes will do anything to arouse total and absolute hatred between your ex and yourself. It's like, 'who are you going to pick on this week?' Oh yeah, so and so split up last week. Lets go for it!

I think 'incestuous' is another word applicable to the Glasgow lesbian scene. I'm not blaming anyone for this as the lesbian population here is quite small, it's just amusing to find that everybody's slept with everybody - you go out with your girlfriend and you find yourselves sitting at a table with 3 of her ex's and 2 of yours, not forgetting your best pal who went out with her 2 months previously.

So is there anything refreshing in this stagnant scene? Well perhaps I am partially biased but Glasgow Women's Library for me is a breath of fresh air. It's not gay, strictly speaking but there are alot of lesbians involved in the group. The Library is friendly whether you've been going for months or it's your first time and participation is warmly-welcomed. Personally I've met some very special women through the library.

Of course there are other lesbian groups worth looking into which I will be doing so as soon as I can. Also worth a mention as lesbian hot spots are Scottish Universities Women's Football Tournaments, one of which I was involved in last Sunday at St Andrews. Top prize goes to Aberdeen Uni team which looked to be 99% dyke. (Unfortunately neither us nor themselves won the cup though we did get into the semis).





Daydream situation  
number 2 -

I discover a disco  
I have never been to  
before in Glasgow,  
it has robot dancers  
along the walls and  
plays stuff like The  
Normal and Tubeway  
Army. A woman comes  
and sits next to  
me - she is about  
6 ft tall and has  
breasts Russ Meyer  
would love. She  
offers me a drink  
from her pint glass  
and even though I  
sense something is  
wrong I take a  
swig. I realise too  
late that it wasn't  
snakebite in the  
glass but poison  
and this woman is  
a murderer.



want a swig  
doll?



# BUT BABS, WHAT IF THERE WERE NO MORE CHICKENS???

Have you ever seen *Pink Flamingos*? It's an amazing film, full of joy & crime & incredible characters, all the better because you know they're all like minded friends opening the doors of inhibition & could easily be me or you or you or your wife. Except the Egg Lady, Edith Massey. The woman in the Coin-Op Laundromat on Bank St (my local) is a wee bit like a twisted Edith Massey. She'd be great in our film (Puchanski Take A Hike), bossy, dour & humourless as opposed to Mama Edie's cheerier-than-thou demeanour, whether we could get her in a revealing leather-one-piece like Edie's is another matter.

Of all the stars in John Waters' films, Edith was the most bizarre, ignoring all traditional acting rules. She would often read stage instructions as well as lines eg. "Here's your money officer, takes \$10 from bra." Cookie Mueller called her the world's best terrible actress. She was born between 1910-20 & had been through all the genuine white collar deviancy phases, all those character forming prohibition type jobs like; Madam of a brothel that fronted as a hot dog stand, call girl etc. She worked the streets of Hollywood selling razors, pens & combs to young hopefuls. A pen to note down ages, numbers, a comb to look smart & a razor to slit their wrists when they didn't get the part. By the late 60's she was running Pete's Bar in the seediest part of Baltimore. It was there that John Waters spotted her incredible beauty & talent & asked her to meet her too in his next film. Edith thought she was going to Hollywood.

One thing people sometimes point out as regards an Edith Massey obsession is that she was old, toothless, fat & horrible, someone to avoid looking at, not put up on your wall & develop fantasies about. I'm not much of a chubby chaser or anything of the sort, but I don't get turned on by bag ladies on the bus or anything of the sort, I don't lie awake dreaming of a lover who takes her teeth in his mouth, but I love my Edith Massey pictures & I love her in panties, girdle & leather one piece equally. Maybe it's coming from a sexually stifled middle class background with not even religion to kick against, but surely the desire to take home a stunning & revealing gown can be explored way beyond the easy option of a nice polite boy/girl that your folks can't fail to like. I imagine taking home Edith Massey.

EDIE PUCKERS UP  
FOR THE OBLIGATORY  
LUV SCENE



...mum, in awkward seconds with later's tells nam... fun he similar it or 20p... sh than I should turn in the c a punk band They made a 70's John d can track that stayed for longer. J vice." Edith I performance film Polyester people don't li showing her he is dead is bear to think meet her too end, but I can it Mama Edie confusion take I guard follows me to 2 pleasingly p revealing gown I shall nore it a whil OH MAM WILL ALWA CHICK



LOOK → SEXY MAN

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...mum, here she is - I've told you all about her." I guess there might be  
an awkward silence at first - so fucking what. Edith would overpower this in  
seconds with her incredible "baby doll gone beserk psycho babble. John  
Waters talks of her habit of pointing out every passing thing "Pretty girl... black  
man... funny shoes... Oh don't mind me John I'm a chatterbox." Here again arise  
the similarities with the woman in the laundrette, "That's for steaming.... 6 mins  
for 20p... shut that dryer door... it's all wet" etc. I too worry about silence more  
than I should & sometimes feel like offering friends money in return for their  
turn in the conversation. After four amazing films with Waters, Edith joined  
a punk band, I forget the name but it's corny-sewer Rats - sort of thing.  
They made at least one single called "Get off the Grass Punk" in the late  
70's. John & Jane McKeown remember hearing it on tapes at parties. If  
I can track it down I will be a happy happy boy. She also ran a thrift shop  
that stayed open till midnight & had no price tags so that she could chat  
for longer. Tad Fair told me he went there once. He said she was "very  
nice." Edith Massey died in 1982 aged about 65, still singing & fresh from her  
performance as Cuddles, cleaning lady turned rich society woman, in Waters  
film Polyester. It's a bit of a crossover film, satire rather than shock & some  
people don't like it much. Edith is incredible though, speaking awful French &  
showing her friends with gifts. That  
she is dead is as sad a fact as I can  
bear to think of, that I will never  
meet her too depressing to compre-  
hend, but I can still dig into the  
films when I need a fix  
of Mama Edie. Sexual  
confusion takes on many  
forms, I guard some with  
vigilance, but when some-  
times, it allows me to enjoy the com-  
pany of the laundry lady  
& pleasingly picture her in  
revealing gowns, bleached  
hair & shovelled on make-  
up, I shall nurture & treas-  
ure it a while longer.

OH MAMA THERE  
WILL ALWAYS BE  
CHICKENS!





# BAUBO and Coyote Dick

I'm far from interested in stuff like tarot cards, superstitions or myths but there is one story about 'the gods' which I am fond of. The story is about BAUBO : THE BELLY GODDESS, who "spoke from between her legs.". Baubo was a Greek goddess, the so-called 'Goddess of obscenity'. Now the REAL and proper meaning of the word OBSCENE is not vulgarity but sorcery - coo eh? The story goes like this :-

Demeter, the 'earth mother' in greek mythology, had a beautiful daughter called Persephone who was out playing one day. She saw a nice flower and went to grab it but the ground went all funny and cracked and Hades, god of the underworld (the devil?) appeared and snatched her and took her under the ground with him. Demeter was pissed off and went a hunting for her daughter, she looked for months and during that time she let nothing grow (I think this is the greek explanation of winter). After ages of hopeless searching she slumped down by a well and this woman came up to her. She came up to her dancing and wiggling her hips suggesting sex and shaking her tits. Demeter couldn't help smiling a little. The dancing female was magic as she had no head at all, her nipples were her eyes and her vulva her mouth. Through this mouth she started telling Demeter some dirty jokes and Demeter started laughing and they laughed together. It was this laughter that shook Demeter out of her depression and with Baubos help she managed to find her kid and everything was back to normal. One of the 'dirty' stories Baubo told Demeter was the story of COYOTE DICK and it goes like this :-

Once upon a time there was Coyote Dick and he was both the smartest and dumbest creatures ever. All the time he was either hungry, playing tricks on people or sleeping. One day while he was sleeping his penis got really bored and decided to have an adventure of it's own. So the penis disattached itself from ol' Coyote and ran down the road, well hopped, having one leg and all. It was having a fun time but then it hopped into a forest and right into some nettles. It screamed in pain, poor thing! The sound of its squeaking woke Coyote Dick, and when he reached down to start his heart with the accustomed crank, it was gone! Coyote Dick ran down the road and found his penis. Gently he lifted it out the nettles, patted him and put him back where he belonged. *Im not turning into a hippy am I?*

Ge

The Slit  
Annie Sp  
Lisa Suc  
Christi

Mrs. The  
Divine,  
Huggy Be

as for m  
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be sore  
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## Get Your Tits Out For the Girls

HAVE GOT THEM OUT -

The Slits, Sandra Bernhard, Jeanette Winteron, P J Harvey, Annie Sprinkle, Lydia Lunch, La Chiccolina, Patti Smith, Madonna, Lisa Suckdog, Edith Massey, Courtney Love, Cosey Fanni Tutti, Christina Bosshag. HAVN'T GOT THEM OUT -

Mrs. Thatcher, Kylie Minogue (yet), Mother Teresa, The Raincoats, Divine, Camille Paglia (yet), Hufty (thank fuck), Shampoo, Ruggy Bear.

as for my own tits - i never thought about them that much untill recently when i decided i want something pierced - and not some boring bit of your body like yr eyebrow or something - somewhere tactile and sensitive - ooo, the thought of it makes me so excited! Since one on your clitoris isn't supposed to be a particularly good idea as eventually it just doesn't work - i'm going to go for a good, symetrical nipple job. it'll be sore and expensive i know but it'll feel and look ACE - especially with what i've got planned for special occasions - for my own personal enjoyment i am going to get nice gold hoops and tie red silk ribbons in bows to 'em. I CAN'T WAIT! update on the pain plus if my needs were fulfilled

in the next issue of violet zine. i've just seen 'pierce' by Richard Kern + i think i've changed my mind.

# WANTED

for fun

experience!

involving clarinet, guitar, keyboard,  
bass, drums + screeching!

## Hello Skinny

## Drummer

Seek a new

if you are - (tick!)

female

between 13-50

willing to maybe swap  
about instruments  
a bit

then **We want you!!**

no previous experience/competence  
necessary

phone Lucy + 0360 310425 or write to  
Violet - please do it soon as gigs + records await  
you → no time to loose!!

love ♥ Lucy + Sunnii



IN THIS

EDITH MA

GAY bit

COVER d

ANNIE S

is Fabby

tendanc

Rifi can

Please

love to

pro

VIOLET

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HELLO S

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ALSO CO

TAPE co

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Garden,

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HELLO S

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Fuster

shows!

working



# IN THIS ISSUE -

EDITH MASSEY thing by Lawrence  
 GAY bit by Pabby  
 COVER doodle by the multi talented Andy you  
 ANNIE SPRINKLE by Jim McBean

## NEXT ISSUE

The Residents  
 Richard Kern  
 Ghosts  
 Haido's  
 Inner beauty versus Outer beauty  
 PLUS the saga/soap opera that  
 is Pabbys love life - will she marry Giovanni and deny her homo  
 tendencies or let Pionas husband 'impregnate' her so she and  
 Pifi can have a kid!



should be good!  
 is Pabbys love life - will she marry Giovanni and deny her homo  
 tendencies or let Pionas husband 'impregnate' her so she and  
 Pifi can have a kid!

Please write to me as I like new friends and enemies (he,he)!!

love to - Paul, Sunni, Lawrence, Jane, Andy, Derek, Pabby, Stevie

## product

special love + thanks to  
 Stephan Drennan for Kleenex stuff  
 + tapes

VIOLET issues 1, 2, 3, 4 - this one's the best  
 1-3 are 50p  
 4 is £1  
 these are pink but you can still get 'em, only to explain my train of  
 thought if not anything else.  
 postage is about 36p I think  
 sorry.

HELLO SKINNY tape - send a blank  
 tape for 6 songs we dun.  
 ALSO COMING SOON ! EROTIC STORY  
 TAPE concocted by Sunni's mum and  
 her pal a la Nancy Friday's Secret  
 Garden. Women on top type stuff  
 accompanied by sexy music by  
 HELLO SKINNY order your copy now  
 motherfuckers - these are going to  
 be HOLLY were gonna CREATE the market!!  
 ALSO COMING SOON Lucy Violet/Sunni  
 Buster Spunk's films and projector  
 shows! Super 8 extravaganza!

working titles - HEADS I WIN TAILS YOU LOSE  
 will contain lots of blue + orange  
 + pipe smoking + dead bodies!



SEASIDE PORTRAIT

no pictures

all brushed in black



VIOLET FANZINE  
write to LUCY MCKENZIE  
21 Campsie Road  
Milton of Campsie  
GLASGOW G65 8EB

NUMBER

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